

Old Haunts, New Cities

Typhoon

I was cruisin' in the night streets
I was looking for my hotel
I was lost in some strange city
And I couldn't find my hotel room
I was desperate in the midnight hour
I needed sleep, a sink and shower
But when one room's like the next
It's hard to tell

At last I picked a spot
Where I thought that I had been before
With the elevator broken
I dragged myself up fourteen floors
And at the top of this old building
I knew no numbers but I knew a feeling
And my key slid effortlessly
Into the door

When I crossed into that space
I was met with a familiar smell
But it was wrong and out of place
There was a woman in my hotel room
She said, "you might have known me all my life
But who was I before tonight?
Kiss me now, I promise I won't tell"

Love, it will haunt you
Whether or not you want it to
But for me, my only company
Are these ghosts that barely come to me
Only when I look for something else